The Deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath preſt,
To lift ſhrew'd Steele againſt our Golden Crowne,
Heaven for his *Richard* hath in heavenly pay
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men muſt fall, for Heaven ſtill guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your power?

Salisb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme; diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeake of nothing but deſpaire:
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all my happy dayes on Earth:
Oh call backe Yeſter day, bid time returne,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men:
To day, to day, unhappie day too late
Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State.
For all the VVelch-men hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, diſperſt, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace ſo pale?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thouſand Men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till ſo much blood thither come againe,
Have I not reaſon to looke pale, and dead?
All ſoules that will be ſafe, flye from my ſide,
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Rich. I had forgot my ſelfe. Am I not King?
Awake thou ſluggard Majeſty, thou ſleepeſt:
Is not the Kings Name forty thouſand Names?
Arme, arme my Name: a puny ſubiect ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Favorites of a King: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my Vncle *Yorke*
Hath Power enough to ſerve our turne,
But who comes here? *Enter Scroope.*

Scroope. More health and happineſſe betide my Liege,
Then

Then can my care-tun'd tongue
Rich. Mine eare is open, and m
The worſt is worldly loſſe, th
Say, Is my Kingdome loſt? why
And what loſſe is it to be rid o
Strives *Bullingbrooke* to be as g
Greater he ſhall not be: If he
Wee'l ſerve him too; and be h
Revolt our ſubjects? That w
They breake their Faith to Go
Cry Woe, Deſtruction, Ruine,
The worſt is Death, and death
Scroope. Glad am I, that you
To beare the tidings of Calam
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy d
Which make the ſilver Rivers
As if the world were all diſſol
So high, above his Limits, ſwe
Of *Bullingbrooke*, covering you
With hard bright Steele, and h
White Beares have arm'd the
Againſt thy Majeſty, and boy
Strive to ſpeake bigge, and cl
In ſtiffe unwieldy Armes: agai
Thy very Beads-men learne to
Of double fatall Eugh: againſt
Yea Diſtaffe-VVomen manag
Againſt thy Seat both young a
And all goes worſe then I hav
Rich. Too well, too well the
VVhere is the Earle of Wilt
VVhat is become of *Buſhy*? w
That they have let the dange
Meaſure our Confines with ſu
If we prevaile, their hands ſh
I warrant they haue made pea
Scroope. Peace have they m
Lord.)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.45)